

Home Circle.

TREASURES—NEW AND OLD.

A dainty head upon my breast,
As fall the shades of night,
Lies pillowed, and it nestles there
A welcome treasure, sweet and fair.
I kiss the crown of soft brown hair,
And bless the winsome mite.

I lay him down in slumber land,
And tuck him in with care
His snowy coverings amid.
I know beneath each dark-fringed lid
A blue forget-me-not lies hid,
My treasure new and rare.

I gaze upon my sleeping pet
With yearning love untold;
For in my darling's dimpled face,
When in repose, I can but trace
A dear and unforgotten grace,
My treasures new and old.

I seem to see, as in a dream,
A fair head crowned with gold.
A lovely child with dark-brown eyes,
Which always veiled some new surprise—
Such sweet, heart-deep, and soulful eyes,
My treasure in the fold.

I bring a bit of sunny hair,
A braid of shaded gold,
And on my sleeping baby's crown
I lay it lightly, gently down;
I love the blending gold and brown,
My treasures new and old.

You ask me which I love the most,
The dark hair or the gold.
I've laid the one away to rest,
I fold the other to my breast;
I know not which I love the best,
My treasure now or old.

—Lizzie H. Underwood.

OPPORTUNITY.

REV. W. L. MARTIN.

Opportunities, numerous and golden, ever wave before us on the march along the busy pathway of life. How important to be "ready to every good work." The work of the present must be done *now* or *never*. So much depends upon to-day. Some things may be deferred, some omitted, but with every day there may come to us an opportunity which if misimproved shall return no more. From every heart should arise the great question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and with open eyes and ready hands we should watch and wait to do our appointed work. Who can estimate the loss that may result from the neglect of a single opportunity? A life may hang in the scale, a soul may be saved by the faithful performance of the duty of to-day; hence, while we should not give way to depression, nor sink down beneath a load of anxiety, we should ever hold ourselves responsible to God, and continually watch

that opportunities which are granted to us may not pass by unnoticed and unimproved.

The path we tread, the business in which we engage, the recreation which we enjoy, the company with which we associate, the strangers who may chance to be thrown in our way, all these may afford us opportunities of doing good, of blessing those around us, and sowing seed which may produce fruit to life eternal. Not only in the acts which we do, but in the words which we speak, and in the tempers which we exhibit, we may be wielding an unconscious influence which will tell upon the welfare of others, and which may settle their decisions when the balance hangs tremblingly before them. Oh, we little know the mischief which may be done by an angry word, or act, or look! Around us are souls whose prosperity may hang suspended, as it were, in scales that tremble at a breath; and it may be given to us to decide their course for the right, even unconsciously, or without effort or intention.

In the great day of unfolding strange revelations will come, and then it may appear that the most fruitful hours of our lives have been, not those in which we were putting forth our mightiest efforts to do good to those among us, but those in which, unconscious of the presence or notice of any of our fellow-men, we were, in weariness and faintness it may be, still struggling on beneath the burden of our cross; or perhaps in hours of joy and sunshine were pouring forth the gladness of our joyful hearts, unmindful of all our surroundings.

The great lesson that all should learn is the lesson of watchfulness and fidelity; of constant prayer and divine direction, and constant submission to the divine will. How beautifully true are the words of the poet, Heath:

"Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore."

Let us pray for the Lord to "so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" and if we will be faithful, and follow where he leads, we shall no doubt find in the great day that we have not labored in vain nor spent our strength for naught, but that in our very weakness God has made manifest his strength, and in our foolishness his wisdom has been most wonderfully revealed.

The thought alone that there is a great day coming, when "everyone shall give account of himself to God," should inspire us to live for the salvation of men,

and for the glory of God, so that we may enjoy him forever. How true—

"Through this toilsome world, alas!
Once, and only once, we pass;
If a kindness we may show,
If a good deed we may do,
To our suffering fellow-man,
Let us do it while we can;
Nor delay it, for 'tis plain,
We shall not pass this way again."

—Religious Telescope.

RELIGION IN MUSIC.

Religion is feeling; religion is character. True worship is in the heart, and not in the outward form or laws of life; and nothing lifts the heart like it. It does not make so much difference at times what language we sing, although the words are important. But if their meaning agrees with the music, then the words give the music additional force. Yet there is power in soul-moving strains, if the words are ever so absurd.

Who of you would stand up before an audience and recite "Mother Goose!" You would say it is one of the most senseless of follies. Friends, I would rather hear my mother sing again the "Mother Goose" melodies over my bed than to hear the greatest secular concert that was ever imported from Europe. It was the music, not the words. The voice, the music, the tune—I would love to hear it again. Your mother sung with you in her arms: her words had no sense, but the music put you into those sweet dreams. O brother, you could not get along very far in this harrassing world without the influence of music.—Dr. Conwell.

MAY CHRISTIANS DANCE?

Bob Burdette answers this question in his usual unique fashion "May a Christian dance? Of course he may. He may swear, and lie, too, but it would not make him a better Christian. Surely, Christians, you may dance, but dancing will never identify you as a Christian. What puzzles us is that you ask the question so often. Christians who don't dance never ask it. Christians, dance if you can't live without it. Join hands with Salome, Herodias, and Herod, and circle to the left. But don't be surprised if you are mistaken for a goat. That is the side they are on."—The Workman.

Every day in this world has its work; and every day as it rises out of eternity keeps putting to each of us the question afresh: What will you do before to-day has sunk into eternity and nothingness again?—Frederick W. Robertson.

Luck is a weather-vane with the distinguishing points broken off.